

SEMI-WEEKLY INTERIOR JOURNAL.

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NO. 32

DECORATION DAY.

Alcorn and Bradley Pay Tributes to the Federal Dead.

LONDON, May 30th.—The steady rain which fell here this morning caused many a sad heart to beat in the breasts of the Federal soldiers of Laurel county, who had looked impatiently for the coming of decoration day, with them by far the most important day of the year. Although the rain of the night before had made the roads fearful and which unceasingly fell till 1 o'clock, about 75 of the 150 members of the H. H. Scoville Post, No. 52, braved both rain and mud and were present at the exercises, which began at 1 o'clock. At 12:30 the doors of the court-house were thrown open and the London Comet band arranged round the main entrance, began playing "Rally Around the Flag." The circuit courtroom, which was to be used for speaking, was soon filled, about a third of the crowd being ladies. A large U. S. flag adorned the speakers' stand, which had been artistically dressed with black crepe and here and there a delicate piece of white ribbon. Every seat in the house being occupied, save a few rows which had been reserved near the stand for the members of the Post, the band played a march and the old soldiers with the G. A. R. hats and badges entered the room, keeping step to the march, which was an old war piece, and occupied the reserved seats, while Judge Vincent Boreing, who headed the march, stepped into the stand and after going thro' the regular exercises of the Post, introduced in a neat little speech our townsmen, Judge James W. Alcorn, at the mention of whose name an extended applause was kept up. Judge Alcorn's speech, although only 15 minutes in length, was a most excellent one and from the frequent clapping of hands and stamping of feet it was plainly seen that it was being well accepted and greatly enjoyed. Although a Confederate soldier in an assemblage of Federals, Mr. Alcorn seemed perfectly at home and many of them shook him by the hand when all was over. Mr. W. O. Bradley was next introduced and for three-quarters of an hour held the audience. His speech was highly complimented and vociferous cheers greeted his every sentence in which he referred to the "brave men who had fought for their rights and who had done honor to their country." He was very pathetic and at one time brought tears to several of the old warriors. After Mr. Bradley's speech Judge Boreing announced that on account of the rain, which was then falling in torrents, the graves would not be decorated, but that flowers and evergreens, which had been prepared for the occasion, would be laid on the graves when the rain ceased. The band then played a funeral dirge, after which Judge Boreing made a speech of thanks to both the speakers and the band and the county officials for the use of their court-room. "Nearer my God to Thee" was then played and after benediction the crowd dispersed—the old soldiers almost falling on each other's necks when the good-byes were said.

E. C. W.

The Kirksville Commencement.

[To the Editor of the Interior Journal.]

KIRKSVILLE, May 30.—Please announce in your issue of this week the following:

The annual Commencement Exercises of Elliott Institute will take place in the Christian church at Kirksville on Thursday, June 7th, beginning at 7 p. m.

The work of the art class will be on exhibition in the same house on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday, the 4th, 5th and 7th.

The exercises will consist of an address by Geo. G. Bersot, of Simpsonville, and an entertainment by the music class and primary class.

Immediately after the close of the exercises the aid society will have in the village a strawberry supper.

MILTON ELLIOTT.

—Sections of Ohio and Indiana within the past 48 hours have been swept by a storm, which has left in its tracks many serious results. Stark and Pickaway counties, in this State, appear to have suffered more severely than other localities. The general aggregate of the losses reported, however, will run far up into the thousands of dollars. The electrical display was unusual, and the results in some instances very damaging. Human life was not spared and the animal creation fared worse.—[Cincinnati Enquirer, 29th.]

Being More Pleasant

To the taste, more acceptable to the stomach, and more truly beneficial in its action, the famous California liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs, is rapidly superseding all others. Try it. One bottle will prove its merits.

For sale by A. R. Penny, Stanford.

Syrup of Figs

Is Nature's own true laxative. It is the most easily taken, and the most effective remedy known to cleanse the System when Bilious or Costive; to dispel Headaches, Colds, and Fevers; to Cure Habitual Constipation, Indigestion, Piles, etc. Manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup Company, San Francisco, Cal.

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CRAB ORCHARD.

—Guests have begun to arrive at the Crab Orchard Springs.

—Miss Eddie Shively is taking lessons in oil painting from Miss Lura Doores.

—Hutchings & Chadwick have bought W. A. Carson's stock of groceries.

The Crab Orchard Springs Company is indeed fortunate in securing the services of Mr. D. B. Edmiston as clerk for this season.

—Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Gover have gone to housekeeping. They are very cozily domiciled in Mr. B. G. Gover's house on Main street.

—Very much indeed did we enjoy reading your business manager's letters descriptive of his recent Eastern trip. They were well written and exceedingly interesting.

—Mr. Arch Carson's gray horse, "Old Charles," is dead. All of the drummers who have visited our town for a number of years were well acquainted with him and will regret to learn that he is no more.

—One of Mrs. McAlister's boarders, a Mrs. Johnston, has been quite ill. Dr. Carpenter, of Stanford, has been waiting on her. Mr. G. W. James seems to be some better. Miss Hettie Harris is again able to walk about the house.

—The school at the College closed last Friday on account of the very few pupils who were in attendance during the last three weeks. Prof. Duvall and the Misses Thixton made many friends while here, all of whom very much regretted their departure, but we hope to have them with us again next fall.

—Mrs. Rice of Illinois, Mrs. Ellen Saunders and two daughters, of Westerville, Ohio, and Mr. Will James, of Missouri, are visiting Mr. G. W. James' family. Mr. S. W. Cotton, of Middleburg, was in town Sunday. Miss Lillie Pettus, of Somerset, is visiting Misses Ida and Maud Pettus. Mrs. Eliza Singleton, of Bristol, Tenn., is the guest of Mrs. Clara Singleton. Mrs. Fannie Edmiston and Miss Lida Edmiston have been visiting Mrs. Logan, near Stanford. Mr. and Mrs. Joe Coffey, of Danville, were the guests of Mrs. W. R. Dillon, Mr. Lee Steensby is visiting relatives in Harrodsburg. Mr. J. W. Brooks is in town. Mrs. J. G. Livingston has been visiting friends in Stanford.

HUBBLE.

—Richard Alexander will sell \$100 worth of strawberries from 1 acre this season.

—Bob Snow bought some cows here at \$2.40 per hundred. The prospect for wheat is much better than it was and will be about ½ of a crop. Tobacco plants are plentiful in this locality.

—Hubble is noted for its great center for news, which is always correct to a letter. In short, we deal in facts all the way from the size of a pea to that of a goose egg, or larger for special orders.

Cat worms assembled in convention near this place and passed the following resolutions: "We, the worms of Lincoln county, do detest eating vegetation while it is so scarce, and so long as it is customary for our tribe to prey upon animals in other counties, we will do likewise." In obedience thereto they attacked our neighbor's dog, who made his escape at a sacrifice of his anecdote. He has been seen in various settlements and is now running at large on the mad list. The other dumb brutes have our sympathy as some of them have gone mad from the same cause. We see many knowing people's opinions as to what these "dog eaters" turn to. Some say to grass hoppers and some one thing and some another, but we "Hubbleites" speak from experience in thunder tones, we care not what they turn to when they leave here, so they don't turn into another convention while they stay.

—Mr. W. P. WALTON, Sir:—While we truly thank you for the article which you have already published concerning the supper held on last Saturday night by the ladies of the Household of Ruth and the Odd Fellows, yet for the satisfaction of many others who were on that committee with us you will do us a great favor by adding their names. They are Elizabeth Peyton, Mollie Whitley, Tellie the Jarman, Lizzie Peyton, Jennie Pittston, Dollie Bleakley and Charity Middleton. Please oblige yours, Maria Brown and Avarilia Smith.

Renews Her Youth.

Mrs. Phoebe Chesley, Peterson, Clay Co., Iowa tells the following remarkable story, the truth of which is vouched for by the residents of the town: I am 73 years old, have been troubled with kidney complaint and lameness for many years; could not dress myself without help. Now I am free from pain and soreness and am able to do all my own housework. I owe my thanks to Electric Bitters for having renewed my youth and removed completely all disease and pain. Try a bottle, 50c and \$1 at A. R. Penny's Drug Store.

Sleepless nights made miserable by that terrible cough.

Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you, McRoberts & Stagg.

A tree that was cut down near Whatcom, W. T., yielded 35,000 feet of lumber which at \$7.50 per thousand makes the tree worth \$262.

That Hacking Cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. McRoberts & Stagg.

Will you suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. McRoberts & Stagg.

MT. VERNON, ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

—Joel Anglin, who got such a brush from James Kitts, on Brush creek, is recovering.

—W. P. Coffey brought to town a forked briar that measured, counting both limbs, 38 feet.

—The illustration of the Kitts-Anglin fight at Orlando, this county, by the Police Gazette, was immense.

—William Fry, who was jailed on the charge of having robbed William Hiatt, gave bond of \$300 Monday and was released.

—The school census report of this county shows a total of 3,651 pupils of the school age, only 49 of the number being colored.

—Jailer Arnold searched the cells a few evening since and found a good sized club and two heavy beer bottles concealed in the beds.

—Mrs. J. G. Carter, who lately returned from Cincinnati, where she had been under treatment for cancer, is no better and is suffering a great deal.

—Letters from parties in Palo Pinto county, Tex., who formerly lived in this county, report great destruction from a recent cyclone. Wheat harvesting is going on and other crops doing well, outside of the track of the cyclone.

—Will Davis' dog "John" had a big battle with a rattlesnake last Saturday, and succeeded in slaying his snakeship. The dog was severely bitten, but suffered no injury further than a little dizziness for an hour or two after the engagement.

—Dee White, well-to-do darky living near Berea, was married last week to Mary Jett, a mulatto. By this matrimonial contract the black Jett is transformed into Jett-White. They will go to housekeeping upon the splendid farm of the colored White.

—J. E. Vowels went to Pineville Monday to look up a place to open a furniture store. Hon. Sam Ward was here Monday. J. W. Brown and F. L. Thompson will be at the St. Louis convention to howl for Cleveland. R. G. Williams, now traveling for a Cincinnati house, is with us for a few days.

—The house of Bet Spoonamore, near Round Stone postoffice, was burned Saturday night. She is the woman who was brutally whipped sometime ago. Her moral standing is not the best in the world, but those who did the whipping were but little better and those who fired the house are worse. The matter is being investigated.

—George Hiatt, a little 7-year-old negro, entered Walk Ping's house Monday during the absence of the family and opened a trunk and took therefrom \$250. He scattered the greenbacks promiscuously over the floor and carried the silver down town and distributed it among the small boys. All but \$2 was recovered.

—Twenty-six years since Mr. Elisha Witt, of Berea, had a little boy, then two years old. Circumstances separated the father and son and they saw each other no more. Last week a young man from Kansas appeared on the scene and proved to be the long-lost son. He is now stopping under his father's roof, after an absence of a quarter of a century.

—Rev. Dr. John Hall, Fifth-avenue Presbyterian church, New York, is worth a million and preaches to a congregation worth \$400,000,000. Moody has the largest income of any preacher in the world; the income of royalty on the "Gospel Hymns" exceeds \$100,000 annually, but he does not take a cent of it; he turns it all over to the committee which uses it for charitable, educational and evangelical purposes.

—They say that at the present price of silver our dollar of the daddies is worth only 70 cents, but here is a silver dollar of 1804 which sold in Philadelphia for \$860. Its former owner sold it some years ago for \$1,050. All of which goes to prove that some dollars are worth more than other dollars.

If the hen and a half that laid that egg and a half will call at these headquarters at 10^{1/2} a. m., a second and a half will be used in wringing a neck and a half and in just an hour and a half the meager proportions of the night editor will be a pound and a half heavier.—[St. Joseph Gazette.]

—Fayette's taxable property amounts to \$21,634,145 and it requires \$73,150 to pay her expenses this year. To raise it a levy of 33^{1/3} cents on the \$100 and a poll tax of \$1, has been ordered.

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—Bucklen's Arnica Salve. The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fevers, sores, tetter, chapped hands, blisters, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. R. Penny, Stanford.

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Not Pleuro-Pneumonia.

Dr. Steele Bailey, health officer, makes this report to Judge Thos. W. Varon, which will be very gratifying, since the matter had caused great uneasiness among the stock raisers and others interested:

This morning Dr. Haggard, State Veterinarian, made a close physical examination of the herd of cattle belonging to Ed Carter and which were supposed to have Pleuro-Pneumonia, and he desires me to report to you that the investigation reveals, in his opinion, nothing which would lead to the suspicion that the cattle have now or ever had Pleuro-Pneumonia in its acute or chronic state, or any other infectious disease.

As he hadn't the opportunity to see those that have sickened and died, he withdraws an opinion as to the cause of their death, but believes the trouble was of spontaneous origin, without a disposition to spread. The cattle, seemingly, are very well.

This news is of prime importance in a pecuniary sense to Lincoln county, and there is so much that is common to man and animal that any disease which affects the animal must have some bearing on the health of the human race, either by direct inoculation, or through our food supply, the people should rejoice at the sanitary condition of the bovines. Respectfully submitted,

STEEL BAILEY, M. D.
County Health Officer.

WAYNESBURG.

—Our town is out of a blacksmith. Any one wanting a good job would do well to come this way.

—W. R. Gooch, of McKinney, was here a few days since, looking for the "nigger" that broke into his silversmith shop last December and stole two watches and some chains and a lot of horse blankets from James W. Givens. The darkie had got wind of what awaited him and had left for other parts the day before.

Rain is badly needed in this vicinity. Wheat crops not so badly injured as first thought to be after the frost. Strawberries are all the rage now. The prospects for blackberries is very promising at present. Shipping berries has of late years become one of our principal commodities. The shippers of blackberries from this point last year did a good business and brought in quite a good sum of cash.

—W. A. Heinlen, of Bucyrus, O., was here this week looking for land with a view of buying. H. D. Williams, secretary and treasurer of the Oxley Stave Co., of Cincinnati, was down to see L. Gooch, of this place, who is general agent for the company and has been in their employ for the last eight years, but has been confined at home on account of bad health for several months. W. F. Niles and family have been on an extended visit among their many friends on Fishing Creek last week.

—J. E. Lynn, of Stanford, was in this locality last week trying to capture some of the finny tribe. He had with him a good-fish seine and with the help of some of the best fishers succeeded in catching a fine lot of bass and other fish. Mr. Lynn also tried to seine in a few good mule colts, but failed to do so. Did not offer enough money. Parties wishing to buy some No. 1 mule colts would do well to visit this town. Sam Sims bought M. H. Floyd's buggy horse last week for \$115 cash. Green Estes sold a good plug horse for \$100. Horse swapping very common here, especially on Saturdays. The latest sensation in horse trading occurred here last Saturday evening. Uncle Fun Woods came to town and remarked that he had a good work horse that he wished to trade for a mare in foal. Some of the "boys" about town told him that Mr. George Cliff had a good young mare in foal to trade for a work horse. The parties got together, the trade was made, property changed hands and everything all right. About this time Uncle Isaac Acton, a brother-in-law of Uncle Ben, came up and taking a look at the supposed young mare, discovered that Banyan had traded for horse instead of a mare. When the old man found out that he had been gamed he at once took possession of his first horse and made for home and has not been to town since.

—They say that at the present price of silver our dollar of the daddies is worth only 70 cents, but here is a silver dollar of 1804 which sold in Philadelphia for \$860. Its former owner sold it some years ago for \$1,050. All of which goes to prove that some dollars are worth more than other dollars.

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STANFORD, KY., JUNE 1, 1888

W. P. WALTON.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For Judge of the Court of Appeals,

JUDGE W. S. PRYOR,

SIX PAGES.

A DELEGATION of Georgia Prohibitionists, with Samuel Small as chief, are enroute for Indianapolis, where the third party hopes to-morrow to convince itself that it is alive.—[Louisville Times.] This reminds us of Sam's experience the last time he attended a convention in the same city. He was then with the Atlanta Constitution which sent him there as a reporter. Arriving at Junction City after frequent wrestlings with his old enemy, the bottle, and having gotten considerably the worst of the encounter, not being as strong in the cause since his wife had notified all the keepers in Atlanta not to sell him whisky under pain of legal punishment, he was so bewildered that he did not know he had gotten on the wrong train till the conductor came around just before getting here. Small fumbled around in the mauldin way peculiar to an intoxicated man and finally produced his pass, when he was told that it was good only going the other way. He got off here and came at once to this office, but his condition was such that we advised a nap, which he took and in a few hours he was "better" and entirely well after an invigorating drive with us to Pink Cottage and other points. He is a very companionable fellow, and until his train came that night he talked incessantly and very entertainingly. "Things has changed since Betsy died" somewhat. Sam's got to be a preacher and likewise a political prohibitionist, but somehow that kind of fellows rarely amounts to much and their last end is frequently worst than the first.

THE editor of the New York Sun, Mr. Dana, who allows his likes and dislikes to warp his political judgment, says in an interview with a Cincinnati paper, that if the republicans put up Chauncey Depew for the presidency, he can beat any man the democrats can run with the exception of Gov. Hill. Since Dana's futile effort to beat Cleveland in 1884 and his silly "We believe that Grover Cleveland is beaten," published every day after the election until the official vote was given, no confidence whatever is placed in his integrity nor his judgment in political affairs, and most of the other important matters discussed in his paper have to be taken with a grain of salt. For all practical purposes the Sun might as well shine out fully for the republicans. It does the democratic party more harm than good by claiming to be a member of it. Fortunately its influence is so greatly on the wane, however, that it does not amount to much anyway.

KENTUCKY will witness the hanging of a white man for murder to-day. It will be an unusual spectacle, the more's the pity, when so many of them deserve death for cruel murders. Gov. Buckner has declined to interfere in the case of James Buchanan, who is condemned to die for the murder of James Ross, whom he killed in a drunken fit, and he will swing at Campton, Wolfe county, today.

THE Mercer Sayings and Doings celebrated the opening of the Louisville Southern in an illustrated double number that would do credit to any office. The celebration was attended by thousands of people, who were regaled with oratory and victuals till they couldn't repose. It was a big day in the history of the county and right royally did the people commemorate it.

GEN. SHERIDAN is not going to die this time, as much as some of the people in the Valley of the Virginia, which he wantonly devastated during the war, would like to see him. Little Phil, the fighter, did his country some noble services, but making a desert of a fertile country was not one of them by a long shot.

BURGLARS got into Blaine's residence at Augusta, Me., and stole some of his private and business correspondence. If there were any letters among them of the Mulligan variety the Plumed Knight will likely weep before the campaign is over because he did not burn them before sailing the ocean blue.

THE Insurance companies have gotten the best of their Kentucky patrons in the last five years pretty handsomely. According to the Insurance Herald they have only paid \$5,878,235 in fire losses in the State in that time, while they have pocketed \$9,378,502 in premiums.

GOV. BUCKNER is spending a few days on his farm in Hart, the first since his inauguration. If the old granger doesn't mind he will not only loose all of the hayseed out of his hair, but forget how to farm entirely.

THE Sayings & Doings of Harrodsburg, T. M. Cardwell, editor, favored his friends here with invitations to dine with it at the big celebration Wednesday.

THE political prohibitionists assembled in national convention at Indianapolis Wednesday and organized by the election of Rev. H. C. Delano, of Connecticut, as temporary chairman. On taking the chair he was presented with a gavel made from the telegraph pole from which Gen. St. John was hung in effigy at Topeka, Kas., when the latter gentleman made some facetious remarks on the feelings of a man hung in that way. The leaders affect to believe that the "party" will poll a half million votes this year and in 1892 will sweep the country like a cyclone. They base their belief on the steady growth of the cause shown by the vote since 1872, when only 5,600 votes were cast. Neal Dow, who headed the ticket in 1880, received 10,000 votes in 15 States, but in 1884 15 times that number were cast in 34 States for St. John. During the last two years there have been elections in 20 States where there was a prohibition ticket and the total vote cast was 287,000.

No nominations had been made up to adjournment Wednesday night. St. John was made permanent chairman and Sam Small secretary. The prospect was that Fisk, of New Jersey and Geo. W. Bain would be the ticket. The question of woman suffrage seems to be the disturbing element, the Northern delegates advocating it and the Southern opposing. All but three States are represented in the meeting.

THE equivocal nature of James G. Blaine made more people believe that he wanted the presidential nomination after his Florence letter declining to be a candidate, than before. He has once reiterated his resolve with no better effect, until now he has finally put an end to doubt of his intention by writing to Whitelaw Reed that he will not accept the nomination if tendered him. He says: "Assuming that the Presidential nomination could, by any possible chance, be offered to me, I could not accept it without leaving in the minds of thousands of these men the impression that I had not been free from indirection, and, therefore, I could not accept it at all." This ought to settle the question, but it is likely that it will not. There are too many red radicals, who swear by the man of the Mulligan letters to give him up for smaller fish.

THE Cincinnati Press Club will dedicate its permanent quarters in the Exposition building, June 9th, with a reception and banquet. Our thanks are returned for an invitation.

NEWS CONDENSED.

A 70-pound tumor was removed from Mrs. Wm. Skinner, at Findlay, O.

The restaurant privileges of the Cincinnati Centennial Exposition sold for \$18,600.

The New York democracy will send one colored delegate to the St. Louis convention.

The rebuilding of the workshops in the penitentiary was let to the Mason-Ford Co., at \$53,998.

Hail fell to the depth of four feet near Des Moines, Iowa, Tuesday, causing great destruction.

An order dispensing with the services of 5,000 employees has been made on the Pennsylvania road.

Gov. Knott has been appointed by the President one of the board of visitors to the Naval Academy.

The Senate increased the River and Harbor bill from \$19,605,785, as passed by the House, to \$21,338,780.

In Pennsylvania's anthracite coal fields 10,000 persons are employed and 52,000 in the bituminous beds.

Blinkey Morgan, condemned to be hung in the Ohio penitentiary last night, has gotten a reprieve for 60 days.

About 400 democrats have signified their intention to go to St. Louis under the name of the Watterson Club.

Dan Crawford, in a fit of jealousy, chopped his rival's head into mince meat with an axe near Memphis, Tenn.

Excursion tickets will be put on all railroads to-day to watering places and other summer resorts at $\frac{1}{2}$ fares for the round-trip.

A widow and her son were killed and a daughter was fatally injured by a gang of toughs, near Osceola, Ark. Lynching is threatened.

In Mason county Mary Brooks quarreled with her husband, Henry Brooks, and cut his throat with a butcher knife, causing death soon afterwards.

An explosion caused by a boy lighting a match in a cellar in which gasoline was stored at Frederick, Md., killed two persons and wounded over a hundred.

The bill to reimburse the depositors of the Freedman's Savings and Trust Co., for losses incurred by that institution, has been favorably reported to the Senate.

The first regular train on the Louisville Southern carried 27 pay passengers and the run to Verchamp (formerly Harrodsburg Junction) was made in three hours.

Lexington voted by a majority of 1,063 to take \$100,000 in stock of the Louisville Southern. The opposition fought manfully, but developed very little strength.

The Kentucky Court of Appeals decides that a policy in the Travelers' Accident Insurance Company does not cover cases in which the insured is killed in personal encounter.

Col. Craddock, who knows everything, settles the question of Senator Beck's prospective marriage by saying the lady is Mrs. Henderson, a daughter of Dr. Yandell, of Louisville.

The city of Owensboro, on Saturday, by a vote of 964 to 9, agreed to donate to the Vincennes, Oakland City and Owensboro railroad a sum equal to 2 per cent. of the value of her property.

Judge E. D. White, of New Orleans, was elected United States Senator by the Louisiana Legislature Monday, after having been chosen by the democratic caucus. He will succeed Senator Eustis.

Henry George was formerly read out of the United Labor party at New York by the 23d District of the party. He was charged with being a traitor and with having made dealings with the democracy.

Engineers of the Tennessee Steel and Iron Company, while surveying in Wise county, Va., were attacked by a body of men in the bushes and two of the party killed. Both the settlers and company claim the land.

The Kentucky division of the T. P. A. re-elected John W. Corley, President; Capt. J. G. Berry, Vice President; Theodore Speiden, Secretary and Treasurer. The National Convention will be held at Minneapolis June 19-22.

The engine of the local freight on the L. & N. exploded near Franklin, killing Engineer Henry Quinn and terribly scalding George Farley, brakeman, and John Richardson, fireman. A number of cars were totally demolished.

The Senate Committee on Military Affairs reported the bill to revive the grade of General of the United States Army, the object being, of course, to honor Gen. Sheridan and it was passed with only seven votes in the negative.

A cablegram from St. Petersburg says all Jews, excepting merchants connected with the leading commercial companies, have been ordered by the Government to quit Moscow within a fortnight. Upwards of 2,000 exiled Jews passed through Cracow Monday en route to America.

A delegation from Kentucky, including Senator Beck, Gov. Knott and Representatives Garth and McCreary, called at the White House and invited the President, in case he visited Cincinnati on the 4th of July next, to extend his trip to Louisville. The President said that he would accept the invitation in case he was in that neighborhood.

CHURCH AFFAIRS.

Evangelist Munhall's revival at Columbus, Ohio, resulted in 1,000 additions to the churches.

The South District Association will meet Thursday, before the third Sunday in June, at Greensburg.

Bro. Barnes' ode to the army worm may do, but the less he says about the cut-worm in this section the better.

I will preach next Saturday night at Moreland, Sunday at 11 at Hustonville and Sunday at 4 p. m. at McKinney, Jos. Ballou.

Elder Vanhook Lee, an old and popular minister of the Christian church, died at Cynthiana this week aged 88.

The Moody Tabernacle, Louisville, has been sold at auction to Junius Caldwell, Jr., for \$1,000 and will be taken down at once.

Rev. Dr. J. M. Trimble is the only member of the Methodist General Conference in New York, who attended the celebrated conference there in 1844.

The item from the Baptist Recorder about a meeting to be held here by Revs. Elsom and Holtzclaw was an error. Their meeting will be at Shepherdsville.

The baptismal exercises of the Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville occurred last night. Of the 12 graduates only one, E. G. Shouse, is from Kentucky.

Rev. R. B. Mahony is holding a fine meeting at his Newport church, which has resulted in 10 additions to last report. The church is in a splendid condition and everything moves in the utmost harmony.

To the Stanford JOURNAL: Tie those wrangling preachers' tails together and throw 'em across a clothes line.—[Louisville Times.] Can't do it. One has skipped to California and the other is not prepared to do the Kilkenny act alone.

Eld. Joseph Ballou is back from Nicholas county, where he held a "glorious meeting." The number of additions was 10, but he had thoroughly gleaned the field a year ago and it was a source of great joy to him to meet the converts of the former meeting strong and steadfast in the faith.

The Southern wing of the Presbyterian church has solemnly declared as an unalterable tenet of its faith that God made Adam out of mud, and not out of a monkey. All good Southern Presbyterians must now quit monkeying with the evolution heresy and burn their books on geology.—[Louisville Times.]

FARM AND TRADE ITEMS.

J. N. Menefee bought of A. C. Dunn a second Jewell colt for \$125.

George D. Wearen bought of Ad Catron a bay buggy mare for \$175.

James Martin sold to Green & Embry, Covington, a car-load of 215-pound hogs at 5¢ cents.

Tom Johnson, of Cane Valley, has a cow that gives 14 gallons of milk a day.—[Columbus Herald.]

Webling & Kropf are shipping daily in refrigerator cars dressed lambs from this market to New York. They shipped 300 yesterday.—[Paris Kentuckian.]

The classic English Derby was run Wednesday at Epsom Downs, and was won by the favorite, the Duke of Portland's bay colt Ayreshire. Macbeth did not start.

The Kentucky Court of Appeals decides that a policy in the Travelers' Accident Insurance Company does not cover cases in which the insured is killed in personal encounter.

Col. Craddock, who knows everything, settles the question of Senator Beck's prospective marriage by saying the lady is Mrs. Henderson, a daughter of Dr. Yandell, of Louisville.

Jockey Barnes rode four horses to victory at Latonia Tuesday. Little Miss Irene Dillon ran 7th in a race the same day.

A. M. Feland sold a few days ago to Woodcock & Owens, of Boyle county, a bunch of lambs that averaged 92 lbs. at 61 cents, and 3 ewes weighing 142 lbs. each at 3¢.

Tom Wood, of Boyle, sold at Winchester, this week, 32 head of 1,050-lb. steers at \$42; 7 of 700 pounds at \$26 and 21 good yearlings, 640 lbs. at 3¢. J. C. Johnson sold at the same time 40 steers at \$42.50, weight 1,050 lbs.—[Democrat.]

Reports of numbers of cattle having died from eating wet clover during the past months, a farmer says: "When you find your stock swollen take a small bunch of oats or straw, wrap it tightly with twine and fasten it in the animal's mouth by tying around the head. The animal will chew the straw causing constant eructation, which will give relief in a short time."

Tobacco men in this county say that not over $\frac{1}{2}$ of the acreage will be planted as was anticipated. Some of them have set out plants on the same ground three times, and the cut worms have cut the plants every time. Some have planted corn and others watermelons in part of their grounds intended for tobacco.—[Bourbon News.]

WINCHESTER COURT.—Four-hundred cattle on the market and at least half remained unsold. The following sales were made publicly: 32 head of good 1,200-pound steers, \$41.50; 40 head of 1,000-pound cattle at \$35; 10 yearlings at \$19.70; 3 yearling heifers, \$12.95; 12 yearling scrub steers, \$12.90; 8 head of scrub, \$9.45; 11 scrub calves, \$7.30; work oxen dull. J. W. Pace bought of Roger Jones 30 head of 170-lb. hogs at 3¢.—[Sun.]

DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

Wakefield & Lee bought this week from a Garrard county party a five-year-old harness gelding for \$145.

Mrs. A. J. Potts, of Lexington, has been the guest of Mrs. Frank Gilcher several days this week. Mr. Montrose Graham, formerly of this and Rockcastle counties, now of Vernon, Texas, is in town.

The admirers of Terra Cotta will be glad to learn that he won a \$1,100 race at St. Louis Wednesday, beating Daroma, Little Minch, Wary and one or two others. Time 2:10 $\frac{1}{2}$; distance a mile and a quarter.

The soldiers' graves were decorated Wednesday by the G. A. R. Col. Logan McKee was to have delivered the address, but as he did not return from Harrodsburg in time, Gen. S. S. Fry was substituted for him.

John Bugg, while plowing a few days ago on the battle field of Perryville, unearthed a camp kettle containing about \$45 in foreign silver coin, all of it of date running as far back as 1792. The deposit is thought to have been made by a soldier afterwards killed in battle.

Rev. Samuel McKee, having completed his theological studies at Princeton, N. J., is at home for a short rest. For the next year he expects to engage in missionary work in the mountain counties of Kentucky. Rev. M. M. Allen, of Princeton, Ky., a graduate of Centre College four years ago, and a classmate of Mr. McKee at Princeton, N. J., has accepted a call from a church at Besimer, Michigan.

Mr. W. B. Nichols, of the late Tribune, has a very old map of Kentucky, made when there were only three counties in the entire territory, Jefferson, Fayette and Lincoln. Considering the early date of its publication, it is well executed. It was printed by the Heliotype Printing Company, of Boston, Ohio on the north side is put down as an Indian territory, with no mention of Cincinnati. Danville and "Harrod" are noted, the former as a town the latter as a fort or station. On the upper right hand corner is the following:

"THIS MAP OF KENTUCKE,
Drawn from ^{the} best observation, is inscribed with the most reftect to the Honorable Congrefs of the United States of America and to his Excellency George Washington late Commander in Chief of their army. By their humble servant, John Fitzon."

Mr. D. T. Fackler, whose serious illness has been noted, died Wednesday night at 10 o'clock, of consumption of the bowels. Deceased was a native of Alabama, but has been a resident of Danville nearly all the time since his 10th year, making his home with his uncle, Col. J. T. Fackler. He attended the preparatory department of Centre College and afterwards the Danville Military Academy. After leaving the latter school he entered the University of Virginia and graduated in due time from the law department. He practiced his profession several years in Danville, but finding it uncongenial he entered the newspaper business, connecting himself with the Danville Advocate. This connection existed at the time of his death. He was a careful and painstaking writer and thoroughly revised everything he wrote before handing it to the printer. Mr. Fackler had passed his 34th year. The funeral will take place Friday evening at 4 o'clock from the First Presbyterian church, of which he had long been a member.

TAXES! TAXES!

To The Voters of Lincoln County:

The Tax Books are now ready for 1888 and I am ready to receive the taxes. Everybody will please come forward and pay early.

30-12 T. D. NEWLAND, S. L. C.

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SEMI-WEEKLY INTERIOR JOURNAL

STANFORD, KY., JUNE 1, 1888

W. P. WALTON.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For Judge of the Court of Appeals,

JUDGE W. S. PRYOR,

SIX PAGES.

A DELEGATION of Georgia Prohibitionists, with Samuel Small as chief, are enroute for Indianapolis, where the third party hopes to-morrow to convince itself that it is alive.—[Louisville Times.] This reminds us of Sam's experience the last time he attended a convention in the same city. He was then with the Atlanta Constitution which sent him there as a reporter. Arriving at Junction City after frequent wrestlings with his old enemy, the bottle, and having gotten considerably the worst of the encounter, not being as strong in the cause since his wife had notified all the barkeepers in Atlanta not to sell him whisky under pain of legal punishment, he was so bewildered that he did not know he had gotten on the wrong train till the conductor came around just before getting here. Small fumbled around in the maudlin way peculiar to an intoxicated man and finally produced his pass, when he was told that it was good only going the other way. He got off here and came at once to this office, but his condition was such that we advised a nap, which he took and in a few hours he was "better" and entirely well after an invigorating drive with us to Pink Cottage and other points. He is a very companionable fellow, and until his train came that night he talked incessantly and very entertainingly. "Things have changed since Betsy died" somewhat. Sam's got to be a preacher and likewise a political prohibitionist, but somehow that kind of fellows rarely amounts to much and their last end is frequently worse than the first.

THE editor of the New York Sun, Mr. Dana, who allows his likes and dislikes to warp his political judgment, says in an interview with a Cincinnati paper, that if the republicans put up Chauncey Depew for the presidency, he can beat any man the democrats can run with the exception of Gov. Hill. Since Dana's futile effort to beat Cleveland in 1884 and his silly "We believe that Grover Cleveland is beaten," published every day after the election until the official vote was given, no confidence whatever is placed in his integrity nor his judgment in political affairs, and most of the other important matters discussed in his paper have to be taken with a grain of salt. For all practical purposes the Sun might as well shine out fully for the republicans. It does the democratic party more harm than good by claiming to be a member of it. Fortunately its influence is so greatly on the wane, however, that it does not amount to much anyway.

KENTUCKY will witness the hanging of a white man for murder to-day. It will be an unusual spectacle, the more's the pity, when so many of them deserve death for cruel murders. Gov. Buckner has declined to interfere in the case of James Buchanan, who is condemned to die for the murder of James Ross, whom he killed in a drunken fit, and he will swing at Campton, Wolfe county, today.

THE Mercer Sayings and Doings celebrated the opening of the Louisville Southern in an illustrated double number that would do credit to any office. The celebration was attended by thousands of people, who were regaled with oratory and victuals till they couldn't repose. It was a big day in the history of the county and right royally did the people commemorate it.

GEN. SHERIDAN is not going to die this time, as much as some of the people in the Valley of the Virginia, which he wantonly devastated during the war, would like to see him. Little Phil, the fighter, did his country some noble services, but making a desert of a fertile country was not one of them by a long shot.

BURGLARS got into Blaine's residence at Augusta, Me., and stole some of his private and business correspondence. If there were any letters among them of the Mulligan variety the Plumed Knight will likely weep before the campaign is over because he did not burn them before sailing the ocean blue.

THE Insurance companies have gotten the best of their Kentucky patrons in the last five years pretty handsomely. According to the Insurance Herald they have only paid \$5,878,255 in fire losses in the State in that time, while they have pocketed \$9,378,502 in premiums.

GOV. BUCKNER is spending a few days on his farm in Hart, the first since his inauguration. If the old granger doesn't mind he will not only lose all of the hayseed out of his hair, but forget how to farm entirely.

THE Sayings & Doings of Harrodsburg, T. M. Cardwell, editor, favored his friends here with invitations to dine with it at the big celebration Wednesday.

The political prohibitionists assembled in national convention at Indianapolis Wednesday and organized by the election of Rev. H. C. Delano, of Connecticut, as temporary chairman. On taking the chair he was presented with a gavel made from the telegraph pole from which Gen. St. John was hung in effigy at Topeka, Kas., when the latter gentleman made some facetious remarks on the feelings of a man hung in that way.

The leaders affect to believe that the "party" will poll a half million votes this year and in 1892 will sweep the country like a cyclone. They base their belief on the steady growth of the cause as shown by the vote since 1872, when only 5,000 votes were cast. Neal Dow, who headed the ticket in 1880, received 10,000 votes in 15 States, but in 1884 15 times that number were cast in 34 States for St. John. During the last two years there have been elections in 20 States where there was a prohibition ticket and the total vote cast was 287,000.

No nominations had been made up to adjournment Wednesday night. St. John was made permanent chairman and Sam Small secretary. The prospect was that Fisk, of New Jersey and Geo. W. Bain would be the ticket. The question of woman suffrage seems to be the disturbing element, the Northern delegates advocating it and the Southern opposing it. All but three States are represented in the meeting.

THE equivocal nature of James G. Blaine made more people believe that he wanted the presidential nomination after his Florence letter declining to be a candidate, than before. He has once since reiterated his resolve with no better effect, until now he has finally put an end to doubt of his intention by writing to Whitelaw Reed that he will not accept the nomination if tendered him. He says: "Assuming that the Presidential nomination could, by any possible chance, be offered to me, I could not accept it without leaving in the minds of thousands of these men the impression that I had not been free from indirection, and, therefore, I could not accept it at all." This ought to settle the question, but it is likely that it will not. There are too many red radicals, who swear by the man of the Mulligan letters to America.

—A delegation from Kentucky, including Senator Beck, Gov. Knott and Representatives Caruth and McCreary, called at the White House and invited the President, in case he visited Cincinnati on the 4th of July next, to extend his trip to Louisville. The President said that he would accept the invitation in case he was in that neighborhood.

CHURCH AFFAIRS.

—Evangelist Munhall's revival at Columbus, Ohio, resulted in 1,000 additions to the churches.

—The South District Association will meet Thursday, before the third Sunday in June, at Greensburg.

—Bro. Barnes' ode to the army worm may do, but the less he says about the cut-worm in this section the better.

—I will preach next Saturday night at Moreland, Sunday at 11 at Hustonville and Sunday at 4 p. m. at McKinney. Jos. Ballou.

—Elder Vanhook Lee, an old and popular minister of the Christian church, died at Cynthiana this week aged 88.

—The Moody Tabernacle, Louisville, has been sold at auction to Junius Caldwell, Jr., for \$1,000 and will be taken down at once.

—Rev. Dr. J. M. Trimble is the only member of the Methodist General Conference in New York, who attended the celebrated conference there in 1844.

—The item from the Baptist Recorder about a meeting to be held here by Revs. Elsom and Holtzclaw was an error. Their meeting will be at Shepperville.

—The commencement exercises of the Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville occurred last night. Of the 12 graduates only one, E. G. Shouse, is from Kentucky.

—Rev. R. B. Mahony is holding a fine meeting at his Newport church, which has resulted in 10 additional to last report.

—The church is in a splendid condition and everything moves in the utmost harmony.

—To the Stanford JOURNAL: Tie those wrangling preachers' tails together and throw 'em across a clothes line.—[Louisville Times.] Can't do it. One has skipped to California and the other is not prepared to do the Kilkenny act alone.

—Eld. Joseph Ballou is back from Nicholas county, where he held a "glorious meeting."

—The number of additions was 10, but he had thoroughly gleaned the field a year ago and it was a source of great joy to him to meet the converts of the former meeting strong and steadfast in the faith.

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—The first regular train on the Louisville Southern carried 27 pay passengers and the run to Verchamp (formerly Harrodsburg Junction) was made in three hours.

—Lexington voted by a majority of 1,003 to take \$100,000 in stock of the Louisville Southern. The opposition fought manfully, but developed very little strength.

—The Kentucky Court of Appeals decides that a policy in the Travelers' Accident Insurance Company does not cover cases in which the insured is killed in personal encounter.

—Col. Craddock, who knows everything, settles the question of Senator Beck's prospective marriage by saying the lady is Mrs. Henderson, a daughter of Dr. Yandell, of Louisville.

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These were the thoughts which clung to him after he had parted from Althea. Could he have looked back through the closed doors, have seen her standing with that drawn look of pain on her brows, he would have known that he had not left her in such entire ignorance as he imagined. There was trouble of her own, too, gnawing at that proud heart.

"Have I been so untrue to myself as to give my heart unasked?—and worse thought!—unworthy! I will not believe it. I have faith in Norris. If there is baseness and treachery, he will discover them. I have done right by putting that note in his hands."

Yet the consciousness of doing right did not bring peace to Miss Everleigh's breast.

CHAPTER XV.

CLOUDS AND FOGGIES.

Carol's fair face wore a most unusual cloud. She was troubled and unhappy, all on account of that incomparable brother of hers. Lyman had been acting strangely. In the first place he had called her away from the Everleigh's at an hour's notice, just when every thing was going splendidly, and the match-making plan which her brain had concocted seemed in a fair way for realization, and that without any sufficient reason for his act.

But worse than that had happened, and cut deeper. But the day before this, as she sat reading and waiting for Lyman to come out of his den, in the hour between his home-coming and that for dinner, she heard the door-bell ring, and the steps of the servant go past to answer it. Lyman's door opened the next instant.

"Who is it?" he asked. "Mr. Bergman to see Miss Carol? She is not at home—not at home to him, now or in the future. Remember that, Sarah—and shut the door."

Every clearly spoken word was plainly audible to Norris; before the door was closed abruptly in his face—plainly audible in the parlor, also, where the listener started to her feet, tingling all over with indignation.

She ran to the window, and Norris, looking up, saw her and lifted his hat. In a moment the sash went up, admitting a blast of wintry air, as Carol leaned impulsively out.

"Please believe that I had nothing to do with that, Mr. Bergman. I shall be very glad to see you if you can ever forgive Lyman. I don't know what he means, but I am sure he will be sorry by and by."

The window went down again before he could answer a word, and Carol faced about to look defiantly into the face of her brother, who had entered in time to overhear the most of her speech.

"It is a shame—a shame! Miss Everleigh will not easily forgive you for this, nor shall I."

Nothing but quiet sadness looked out of Lyman's eyes into the girl's flushed, indignant face.

"Carol, have I ever been unkind to you? Do you think I would give you one pang I could avoid? I am sorry your acquaintance with that young man has grown until the step I have been forced to take became necessary. I have my reasons for wishing him to keep his distance; I would rather he had always been a stranger to me. Have you no faith enough in my judgment to be guided by me?"

Carol flushed and paled with a girl's yielding weakness. She loved her brother dearly, she believed in him utterly; only her heart rebelled now, not her reason. She looked at him in a startled way, dropping her voice unconsciously:

"What has he done, Lyman?"

"He has done nothing, but he is our enemy—my enemy, if you want me to put it in that way. How and why, I can not now explain, but it will be better for him and better for me if our paths lie apart. Come, little girl, put that grieved look off your face; be the bright little sister who has made my home happy for me. Are not we two enough for each other?"

"I hope not," murmured Carol, with a gleam of roguish light breaking through the clouds; but they gathered again as Lyman went on, seriously:

"I want you to promise that you will not put yourself in Bergman's way. I don't think he will disregard my wishes by coming here again. I may as well tell you that it was because there was there I brought you away from Mr. Everleigh's house, because he is so close a friend of theirs, we must give up their friendship. Now you know how serious the matter is to me."

His voice grew husky, his face pale. He turned abruptly away from her, and the questions which Carol longed to ask were checked. She could only steal her hand into his and promise to do as he wished.

The next morning at the breakfast-table he gave her quite the old, dazzling smile, which always meant something pleasant for her.

"I am sure that my good little girl wants to hear Kelling to-night. Put on the best bib-and-tucker when you get yourself ready. I expect to be kept after hours; it may be late when I come home."

"Oh, Lyman, you darling!"

"There, there! I can't afford to be choked," he cried, hastily rising; for Carol was coming at him with outstretched arms.

Was that a shade of remorse that glowed over Lyman Childer's face after he left her? Some furies were after him, certainly, for while he had affected to be in a great hurry to reach the bank, he took a long circle out of his way simply for the sake of walking past Mike Maloney's place and stealing a dozen furtive looks at its dingy front. The signal for which he watched was not there, evidently, and he drew a long breath of relief.

"Thank Heaven, the cascades are satisfied for once. Stone has been persuaded to go into retirement again, and after his late demands Red Tom will not dare to ask more for some time. I must strike a plan to rid myself of that lot. They would ruin a man much less desperate than I am. Do they think I will always give the like-frightened child? They must be taught their mistake!"

So muttering he turned away, without seeing a pair of fever-bright eyes that glared at him from one of the small-poled windows, without hearing the cry which rang out shrilly, startling the early loungers in the rooms below.

"Child! Childer! A thousand curses—" which a merciful Providence stilled on the raving tongue. The patient woman Norris had helped to that doubtful refuge fell back upon his bed, and the brain which had been weaving wild fancies all the night seemed to crack asunder. When Norris kept his promise by looking in later in the day, the man lay in a death-like stupor from which nothing could rouse him.

"The very cold scratch is in it," grumbled the landlord. "When a chanc in his luck, he never comes near me; but let him drop into trouble, an' I've got him on me back, bedad! an' it's a foine time I'm wishin' ye, wad yer 'ould man of the say, 'er honor, for it's not meself can put up wid the like o' that in me house."

"You wouldn't turn the poor fellow out in that state, Maloney!"

"Wouldn't I, then? Sure, a dita in the house wud me intirely."

"He is not dead yet, and I don't believe he will die if he has proper care. He must have it here, since he objected so bitterly to going elsewhere. I'll send a doctor and charge him to find a responsible nurse for

Miller. It will eat up Uncle Amos' check," Norris added to himself, "but I don't believe I could find a better use for it. If this poor fellow has sinned, he has suffered, too. I don't know why I should take such an interest in him. I am sure, but I've quite made up my mind to see him through."

Do any of us know why we are born into some things and kept from others which go to make up the sum and substance of the story of life? If fate had thrown this wif in his way, Norris did not know it, but the story would work itself out to its entirety all the same.

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"Pretty as a picture, I vow," was Ingots admiring comment. "Them roses puts the finishing touch, just as I thought they would. I like the red, red rose myself."

"If you are ready we may as well go. I don't believe in being fashionably late. I go to get my money's worth every time."

Carol's amazed glance sought her brother.

"Lyman, you are going with me to-night?"

"Sorry, my dear, but Mr. Everleigh has asked me to call around. Not to disappoint you, I asked Ingots here to act as your escort, and I'll meet you at the theater after my business is over."

"I'd rather not go at all," murmured Carol, with the tears coming into her eyes.

"Oh, nonsense, after I have arranged it."

"Now, do you know," put in Ingots, "I rather admire Miss Carol's good sense. I am sure you stay here and listen to her as to Kelling; a pretty young woman is better than a fat old one day of the year. I'm agreeable either way."

This driven, Carol decided to go, of course. Any thing was preferable to an evening alone with Mr. Ingots. That gentleman understood her motive, and though outwardly pleasant as ever, he was raging within.

"She hates me like poison and doesn't trouble herself to hide it. I'll have to put on the thumbscrews to bring her to time. I'd rather be shot, for I'm soft on the girl, but there's no other way. I'm getting myself into a humor to make short work of the business, and Childer shall help me."

He kept up a running fire of conversation, with the idea of making himself agreeable, all through the evening.

"Can't say that I like this sort of thing myself," he observed. "Why can't they do their powwowing in English so every body could understand, like they do in the Mikado, now? That's the style of things that takes me. I reckon they would call Clara Louise a fine woman, but I know a girl that's a sight more to my taste. Couldn't guess who, could you?"

"Hush, please," entreated Carol, and kept her attention fixed on the stage to the exclusion of her unloved escort. But Ingots was not to be easily repressed. He took advantage of the opportunity when the curtain came down to break out again.

"Most dazzling one's eyes with her diamonds, don't she? You wouldn't think now that I had an interest in diamonds, and I have. I'm thinking of buying one soon, in aring, for a lady. Which would you advise, a solitaire or a cluster?"

"If, I am no judge of such matters."

"Well, but you know which you like best," he persisted. "Tain't as if I was well enough off to get more than one, and I'm bound to have something of value that's fit for the person I intend it for. I wouldn't like to find that she isn't just suited."

"You had better consult the lady herself," said Carol, coldly.

"That's what I'm doing," returned Ingots, with the utmost composure. "You don't suppose I would go to buying diamond rings for any one else, I hope!"

Carol's patience was exhausted at last.

"Let me tell you, then, that I will never accept such a gift from you!" she cried, in a guarded tone, but with the angry color flaming over her cheek. "Oh, I wish Lyman would come! I wonder what keeps him!"

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These were the thoughts which clung to him after he had parted from Althea. Could he have looked back through the closed doors, have seen her standing with that drawn look of pain on her brow, who would have known that he had not left her in such entire ignorance as he imagined. There was trouble of her own, too, gnawing at that proud heart.

"Have I been so untrue to myself as to give my heart unasked, and—worse thought!—unworthily? I will not believe it. I have faith in Norris, if there is baseness and treachery, he will discover them. I have done right by putting that note in his hands."

Yet the consciousness of doing right did not bring peace to Miss Everleigh's breast.

CHAPTER XV.

CLOUDS AND PORTENTS.

Carol's fair face wore a most unusual cloud. She was troubled and unhappy, all on account of that incomparable brother of hers. Lyman had been acting strangely. In the first place he had called her away from the Everleigh's at an hour's notice, just when every thing was going splendidly, and the match-making plan which her brain had concocted seemed in a fair way for realization, and that without any sufficient reason for his net.

But worse than that had happened, and cut deeper. But the day before this, as she sat reading and waiting for Lyman to come out of his den, in the hour between his home-coming and that for dinner, she heard the door-bell ring, and the steps of the servant go past to answer it. Lyman's door opened the next instant.

"Who is it?" he asked. "Mr. Bergman to see Miss Carol?" She is not at home—not at home to *him*, now or in the future. Remember that, Sarah—and shut the door."

Every clearly spoken word was plainly audible to Norris; before the door was closed abruptly in his face—plainly audible in the parlor, also, where the listener started to her feet, tingling all over with indignation.

She ran to the window, and Norris, looking up, saw her and lifted his hat. In a moment the sash went up, admitting a blast of wintry air, as Carol leaned impulsively out.

"Please believe that I had nothing to do with that, Mr. Bergman. I shall be very glad to see you if you can ever forgive Lyman. I don't know what he means, but I am sure he will be sorry by and by."

The window went down again before he could answer a word, and Carol faced about to look defiantly into the face of her brother, who had entered in time to overhear the most of her speech.

"It is a shame—a shame! Miss Everleigh will not easily forgive you for this, nor shall I."

Nothing but quiet sadness looked out of Lyman's eyes into the girl's flushed, indignant face.

"Carol, have I ever been unkind to you? Do you think I would give you one pang I could avoid? I am sorry your acquaintances with that young man has grown until the step I have been forced to take became necessary. I have my reasons for wishing him to keep his distance; I would rather he had always been a stranger to us. Have you not faith enough in my judgment to be guided by me?"

Carol flushed and paled with a girl's yielding weakness. She loved her brother dearly, as she believed in him utterly; only her heart rebelled now, not her reason. She looked at him in a startled way, dropping her voice unconsciously:

"What has he done, Lyman?"

"He has done nothing, but he is our enemy—my enemy, if you want me to put it in that way. How and why, I can not now explain, but it will be better for him and better for me if our paths lie apart. Come, little girl, put that grieved look off your face; be the bright little sister who has made my home happy for me. Are not we two enough for each other?"

"I hope not," murmured Carol, with a gleam of roguish light breaking through the clouds; but they gathered again as Lyman went on seriously:

"I want you to promise that you will not put yourself in Bergman's way. I don't think he will disregard my wishes by coming here again. I may as well tell you that it was because he was there I brought you away from Mr. Everleigh's house, because he is so close a friend of theirs, we must give up their friendship. Now you know how serious the matter is to me!"

His voice grew husky, his face pale. He turned abruptly away from her, and the questions which Carol longed to ask were checked. She could only steal her hand into his and promise to do as he wished.

The next morning at the breakfast-table he gave her quite the old, dazzling smile, which always meant something pleasant for her.

"I am sure that my good little girl wants to hear Kellogg to-night. Put on the best bib-and-tucker when you get yourself ready. I expect to be kept after hours; it may be late when I come home."

"Oh, Lyman, you darling!"

"There! I can't afford to be choked," he cried, hastily rising, for Carol was coming at him with outstretched arms.

Was that a shade of remorse that glowed over Lyman Childer's face after he left her? Some furies were after him, certainly, for while he had affected to be in a great hurry to reach the bank, he took a long circle out of his way simply for the sake of walking past Mike Malone's place and stealing a dozen furtive looks at its dingy front. The signal for which he watched was not the *etc.*, evidently, but a long breath of relief.

"Thank Heaven, the rascals are satisfied for once. Stone has been persuaded to go into retirement again, and after his late demands Red Tom will not dare to ask more for some time. I might strike a plan to rid myself of that lot. They would ruin a man much less desperate than I am. Do they think I will always give in like a frightened child? They must be taught their mistake."

So muttering he turned away, without seeing a pair of fever-bright eyes that glared at him from one of the small-paneled windows, without hearing the cry which rang out shrilly, startling the early loungers in the rooms below.

"Childer! Childer! A thousand curses!" which a merciful Providence stilled on the raving tongue. The patient whom Norris had helped to that doubtful refuge fell back upon his bed, and the bush which had been weeping wild fancies all the night seemed to crack asunder. When Norris kept his promise by looking in later in the day, the man lay in a death-like stupor from which nothing could rouse him.

"The very odd scratch is in it," grumbled the landlord. "When a chanc in a bush, he never comes near me; but let him drop into thryble, an' I've got him on me back, bedad! an' it's a fould time I'm wishin' ye, wid yer 'ould man of the say," yet honor, for it's not meself can put up wid the like of that in me house."

"You wouldn't turn the poor fellow out in that state, Malone?"

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Thus driven, Carol decided to go, of course. Any thing was preferable to an evening alone with Mr. Ingots. That gentleman understood her motive, and though outwardly pleasant as ever, he was raging within.

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"Some thing that holds me, being with the girl he likes best in the world. And let me tell you that you *will* wear my ring, and that before Christmas is here, or it will be the worse for me—I don't want to make threats, but you'll wear it," he broke off, and there was a savage tone in his voice, a look on his face, which made the girl's heart quail. She had read of men murdering the women they loved, where their love was not returned, and it seemed to her that Ingots might be equal to such an act. She wondered how Lyman could be friends with such a man. She would have an understanding with her brother; she would not be humiliated and made wretched in this way again. He should not deny her right to the friends of her liking, and force the society of the man she detested upon her.

It was late when Lyman appeared, and he did not wear the blissful look of a happy lover. He avoided meeting his sister's eyes, and leaned back in the corner of the carriage, silent and absorbed, leaving all the conversation to Ingots, who was apparently not damped by monosyllabic replies.

Carol's intention of speaking to her brother was frustrated for that night, for Ingots followed them in, without invitation.

"I want a word with you, Childer. You're so precious busy on your own account nowadays that I don't know when I'll get another chance at you."

The two passed into the den together and were still there when Carol's eyes closed in peaceful slumber.

Lyman was in the breakfast-room when she came down the next morning, having risen early, determined to broach the disagreeable subject. He took the words out of her mouth by introducing them himself.

"Ingots tells me that he made what he considers as good as a proposal of marriage last night, Carol, and that he did not urge an answer because he wanted to give time to think the matter over. I scarcely think you are inclined to regard him favorably, my dear!"

"You must know that I utterly detest him, Lyman."

"Detest! That is a strong word. I hope you have your feelings sufficiently under control to hide the fact from him, for a time, at least. I think you would make a sacrifice for me, Carol, if I were to assure you that it is necessary and for a worthy purpose."

"Not if the sacrifice is to—accept him, my dear!"

"But if it is only to seem to accept him? I give you my word that I shall never ask you to marry him. He is not the man I would choose for your husband, if I wanted to influence your choice. That is a thing I have in a death-like stupor from which nothing could rouse him."

"The very odd scratch is in it," grumbled the landlord. "When a chanc in a bush, he never comes near me; but let him drop into thryble, an' I've got him on me back, bedad! an' it's a fould time I'm wishin' ye, wid yer 'ould man of the say," yet honor, for it's not meself can put up wid the like of that in me house."

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this of you, Carol. You are such a child in the ways of the world, you know so little about business matters, that I doubt if you would understand the importance I attach to keeping in with Ingots. This I will say, that he is deeply mixed in Mr. Everleigh's embarrassments, which I find harder to straighten than I at first anticipated. Ingots could do us much harm if he were to break with us now, but in a few weeks more we can afford to declare ourselves independent of him. By the way, Carol, you were good enough to give me an unconditional promise the other night regarding Bergman, but I will modify that by letting you do as you please about him. I'll even be friendly with him for your sake, if you ask it—after this affair with Ingots is over.

Until then, I shall hold you to your word, already given, and beg of you further to aid me by keeping Ingots compliant. You can do it without committing yourself, or, if he will have a promise, I will set that in writing again—she's always writing. I wish you'd make her stop."

"It's my report for the doctor," said Mrs. Crane, quietly. "He never seemed to notice me before. A good sign, sir—crankiness allers is!"

"May I see?" asked Norris, stretching out his hand. It was only his interest in the condition of the patient which led him to ask, but the woman drew back.

"I doubt if you'd make out my handwriting," she said, coldly. "I'll read you a bit."

"7 a. m.—Restless after the night. Bathed face and hands, and took a nap."

"8 a. m.—Woke refreshed. Took medicine and beef-tea. \$30.—Asked for water. 9.—Changed his position and he dozed again."

"10.—A visitor excites him. The doctor ought to stop it."

"Thank you. Am I really exciting him? I would be sorry to do him any harm."

He glanced at the patient, who was watching a sunbeam, and was oblivious for the moment to what was going on.

"He's changeable. What he don't notice one minute hurts him the next."

"Then I'll go, though I intended to wait for the doctor. I'll leave a message for him below."

But Mr. Maloney was nowhere to be seen when he reached the lower story, and the substitute who had left on duty looked stupid that Norris turned back to leave his message with the nurse.

She had come out in the hall for a change of air and relief to the monotony. She heaved a sigh as she dropped into a chair, and proceeded to adjust her heels on the window-sill without reference to the position of the scanty skirts. There was a pipe in her hands which she began to fill. Was this the model nurse, worthy of all trust?

"Now that young idiot is gone, I'll have the smoke I am dying for. Oh, tobacco, soothing and potent, what will not men do for thee! A pipe will transform a savage, and I'm fast approaching that state. Confound it, no high! and if I go in there again, I'll be sure to come out of the cat-nap he dropt into so obligingly."

"Let me supply you, Mrs. Crane."

The frilled cap was pushed back, the disordered hair stood up in short locks about the reddening face. The detected nurse made one wild effort to get back her dignity, then laughed sheepishly as she met the eye of Norris.

"If the cat's out of the bag, there's no use holding it open for her."

"I don't know, Uncle Amos. You deceived me so finely I can scarcely believe my senses now."

"A nice detective you'll make if you are taken in by every sham."

"Do you mean that you are on that kind of business here?" with a sudden light breaking over him. "You don't think— you can't think—"

"That crime can be buried in the grave—oh, no! I'll convince you of that by the time I am through."

Then the older man's acting gave way: he grasped the hand of the younger as he asserted, eagerly:

"I've got him, Norris! got him beyond a doubt."

"Tell me what you mean, Uncle Amos! Not Miller

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When not so paid \$2.50 will be charged.

L. & N. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Mail train going North.....12 31 p.m.
" " South.....1 31 p.m.
Express train " South.....11 57 p.m.
Local Freight North.....6 30 p.m.
" " South.....6 35 p.m.
The latter trains also carry passengers.
The above is calculated on standard time. Solar time is about 20 minutes faster.

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Trains leave Rowland at 5:35 a.m. and 7:20 a.m. and return at 6 p.m. and 8:40 p.m.

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The best place to buy drugs, patent medicines and toilet articles is at A. R. Penny's.

Buy your school books, ink, tablets, paper, pencils and school supplies of all kinds from A. R. Penny.

I guarantee all watches and every article of jewelry I sell to be just as represented. A. R. Penny.

SOMEWHAT PERSONAL.

Mrs. P. G. ELSOM has returned from the South.

Miss LAILA HAYS is visiting Miss Joe Engleman.

Mrs. J. W. ALCORN and Miss Annie went to Louisville Wednesday.

Mr. E. B. HAYDEN, of Springfield, Mo., is with his old friends here.

Messrs. S. H. BAUGHMAN and L. M. Lasley went to Latonia yesterday.

Mr. ALLEN BEAZLEY is out again, after a confinement of 10 weeks from a paralytic stroke.

MISS SALLIE DUDDERAR is back from a visit to her sister, Mrs. Phil Soden, in Louisville.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. LACKEY have gone to visit their son, S. E. Lackey, at Gallatin, Tenn.

MISS ANNIE WRAY has returned from a visit to her sister, Mrs. J. T. Lynn, at Louisville, bringing the latter with her.

Misses MAMIE TUCKER and Annie Dishman, who have been attending College here, left yesterday for their homes.

Mr. T. J. BOSLEY, mail clerk, will move his family to Louisville to-morrow, as it suits his run much better to have them there.

Miss EFFIE KING, of Garrard county, was awarded a medal for the highest standing in geometry and trigonometry at Hamilton College.

Miss ANNE SHAKES, Lucy Tate and Mary McKinney returned from Daughters' College last evening—the two former full-fledged graduates.

The closing exercises of Miss Nold's School in Louisville will occur on the 5th at 9 to 12 p.m. Miss Mattie Owsley remembers this office with an invitation.

It is likely that Prof. F. B. McClary will be chosen teacher of the public school next session. He is a good one and has given much satisfaction in his private school in the building.

F. J. CAMPBELL, Manager of Rock Castle Springs, attended the Merceerelebration of the opening of the Louisville Southern. He says he is getting the springs in better shape than ever this season.

Messrs. J. E. BRUCE, A. A. Warren, J. B. Hobbs, S. J. Pulliam, J. H. Baughman attended the celebration at Harrodsburg and the three latter look in the commencement exercises at Daughters' College.

B. G. ALFORD has returned from the head waters of Salt River. This is rather premature. He could have saved traveling expenses by remaining where he will permanently locate after the November election.

Misses CARRIE L. MAYES, of Sweetwater, Tenn., and Bettie Redding, of Marion, Ala., the music and art teachers respectively of the College, left for their homes yesterday, where we hope a joyous vacation awaits them.

Mrs. W. P. TATE, Mrs. Lou Shanks, Misses Ida Prewitt and Ella Shanks and Clarence Tate went down to Daughters' College to witness the graduating exercises, in which Misses Annie Shanks and Lucy Tate took a leading role.

Mrs. MARY W. BOWMAN, Miss Virginia and Master Horace Withers Bowman returned from Hamilton College Wednesday and are with Mrs. Forestus Reid. Miss Virginia is delighted with the perfect report she received from her teachers.

Mr. P. A. PITMAN, who made the closing out sale of the Ryan stock of dry goods at Hustonville, for S. L. Powers & Co., and assisted in establishing the new business there for the same firm, left this week for Huntington, W. Va., his business headquarters. He is enthusiastic in claiming that for clever men and lovely women, Hustonville is ahead of any town of its size on earth.

LOCAL LORE.

New Goods in spring and summer hats at Courts & Cox's.

The mail on the K. C. is now carried by the fast trains.

HEAR D. Klass' concert Saturday night.

J. L. SCHLEGEL will be here to take negatives next Tuesday.

New hats and bonnets for summer wear just received at Mrs. Kate Dudderar's.

A nice and useful present given with every dollar's worth of goods at D. Klass.

The Casey Court, which begins next Monday, will be held in the Christian church at Liberty.

The continuation of "Under a Cloud" and some interesting miscellany will be found on the two extra pages sent with this issue.

The closing exercises of the Hustonville Christian College will occur Friday, June 8th. A cantata at night in the College building will be the last scene of all.

KILLED.—John Burton shot John Adcock at Jellico from the effects of which he died Tuesday. Burton had to be rushed off to the Williamsburg jail to prevent lynching.

The L. & N. will sell tickets to the St. Louis Convention on the 1st, 2d and 3d, good to return on the 17th at \$9.25 for the round-trip from here. The route from Louisville is by the Air Line.

A THIEF entered Mrs. R. C. Engleman's room and stole a pair of handsomely carved silver butter knives in a beautiful seal brown case, lined with purple velvet. The guilty party, who is suspected, will face prosecution by returning them at once.

BUIS LINE.—Mr. A. T. Nunnelley tells us that he will put on a regular daily bus line to Danville next Monday leaving here at 10 o'clock and returning after the arrival of the South bound train on the Cincinnati Southern. He has engaged to carry the U. S. Express.

The impression is gaining ground in Garrard that Nelson Teater, the alleged suicide, was murdered. There could be no reason for self destruction since he was to have been married next week and was in fine health and spirits. He was 71 years old and worth some \$60,000.

LITTLE ARCH MCKINNEY got in Judge Birch's photon, which was standing on the school-house hill, and by jumping up and down caused it to run down at full speed, not stopping till the shafts stuck in the ground at the bottom and broke off. Arch rode down with it, but he didn't enjoy it worth a cent.

In response to our letter suggesting this as a desirable point for the Louisville Southerner to come, Col. Bennett H. Young writes: I am not prepared to say we will come to Stanford; it is a little out of our direction. Of course I cannot tell what combinations we may make in a short time, but for the present I see no opportunity of doing anything in your locality.

THE CLASS IN HISTORY was addressed by Jos. B. Paxton, Esq., who, after a neat little speech, combining the humorous and the substantial, delivered certificates to Misses Little Bailey, Minnie Rupley, Anna Baughman and Julia Tapscott Certificates in Mathematics, accompanying it with a neat speech of commendation and advice.

The young ladies who had become proficient in Natural Sciences were Misses Mary Alcorn, Mattie Vandever, Emma Saufley and Little Bailey, and their certificates were delivered by Peter M. McRoberts, Esq., in a handsome and well-spoken address, which was highly complimented.

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Ask the farmer who has used the Deering Machine and see for yourself.

FOR RENT.—New house with four rooms. For further particulars call on J. C. McClary.

COME IN Monday and examine our machines; the most durable and lightest in the market. Metcalf & Foster.

A NUMBER of good, soaking showers of rain fell yesterday, which were beginning to be needed in some localities.

The directors of the Lincoln County Fair held here last year, desire that the citizens of the West End let them know by Monday, county court day, whether or not they will have a fair at Hustonville this year. If they decide not to have one, steps will be taken hereatonce for the purpose of holding the Lincoln County Fair.

MON FEARED.—J. M. Chandler, who recently shot Prof. Lawrence, a school-teacher at Jellico, has been taken to Knoxville to secure him from mob violence, as Lawrence's injuries are fatal. Chandler used to keep the Florence Hotel in Jellico and from his long and lank appearance was known as "The Snake in the Grass."

The coal bins and tip house of the Nickle Plate Coal Company at Altamont caught or were set afire about 11 o'clock Monday night and were burned, causing a loss of some \$2,500. The railroad track was so warped by the heat that trains could not pass and the expresses had to transfer baggage and passengers, throwing them several hours behind.

STANFORD FEMALE COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT.

ANOTHER session of Stanford Female College has ended and with it President A. S. Paxton's connection with the institution. He has had charge of it for three years and by close application to his work and securing to his assistance a splendid faculty, has maintained its high character and endeared himself to patrons and public alike. The closing exercises were held in the Chapel yesterday at 10 o'clock and were opened with prayer by Rev. A. S. Moffett. Prof. Paxton then called to the stand Misses Julia Tapscott, Minnie Rupley and Emma Saufley and after an appropriate speech, delivered to them Certificates of Proficiency, to the former in Literature and to the two latter in Latin.

Rev. A. S. Moffett then presented to Misses Little Bailey, Minnie Rupley, Anna Baughman and Julia Tapscott Certificates in Mathematics, accompanying it with a neat speech of commendation and advice.

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COS IS LOVE AND NOTHING ELSE.

PRAISE THE LORD.

LETTER FROM GEORGE O. BARNES

GALLATIN, TENN., MAY 24, 1888.
 BEAR INTERIOR.—This is quite a famous stock raising country; and when I say that "Fairview," the second largest race-horse breeding establishment in the U. S., is only three miles up the Nashville pike; and Hon. Bailey Peyton's farm, where "Peytona" the gallant Southern mare, who beat "Fashion" when I was a boy—was bred, lies just across the same pike, from the old Franklin estate, still called "Fairview" as of yore, you may understand the sort of country we have come to. Both of these ancient estates have passed into stranger hands—"Fairview," with its prodigious breeding resources being owned by a Mr. Charles Reed, an Englishman; and the Bailey Peyton place the property of Mr. Harvey Schafer, with "Blazes" at the head of his stud. Five thousand dollars for a pair of yearlings, with his feet blood in them; will give an idea of what turpentine think of the gallant brown with the white face. Of course, being Kentuckians, we went to both places and enjoyed a sight of such beautiful creatures of God—badly as they are abused by men. But what good gift has not been perverted? My Father made the lovely things, all the same, and I expect to look at them till I think it will do harm, or "cause some weak brother to offend, for whom Christ died." Then I will never look at a race horse again, "while the world standeth." At Mr. Schafer's, the proprietor treated us most kindly—showing us his horses, while his lady was preparing a rare treat of strawberries, cream and cake, that was the "right thing in the right place." Mr. S. has been to meeting twice. I hope he enjoyed our fare, as we did his.

Curious thing memory is. A line in doggerel poetical description of the once famous Peytona-Fashion race, that stirred our boyish blood, in '44 or '45 it must have come back to me so plainly, after this interval of 43 years, with memory of Ralph Caffery and Billy Gates and Aurelian Coco, and the fine Southern boys, at "Old Centre," who were enthusiastic for the superb mare that won the great race. I recalled the name of her rider, "Barney," and the way Ralph used to spout the poem, and especially how we thrilled when he went over that wondrous passage:

"Ride! Barney, ride! oh, think but how
 The Southerners hope are on thee now!"

It was magnificent! we all thought. Dear fellow! Every one of them under the sod long ago. Our visit to the old Peyton farm, with this association to start them, stirred a "host of moving memories." I feel like a very "old fellow" when memory jumps close on to half a century, to recall the youthful figures of my young manhood's days.

At "Fairview" nobody was at home; and the "hands" were at dinner. So we only saw about 50 mares, with their foals at their sides; aggregating a fortune in pedigree value, but very like other mares and colts to a casual observer. Then we drove round the stables and came away without seeing the fine horses inside.

Another day we drove five miles in the opposite direction to take dinner with our old friend Sam Anderson, Esq., of Garrard, who married a charming Tennessee lady, and has settled here. Bro. Sam turned up at Dripping Springs last summer, where he got so much of our gospel that he wanted more. He has been as "true as steel" to the troupe; driving his five miles in and five miles back in all sorts of weather, and helping us all he can. God bless him!

While on that visit we inspected another class of racers that are hard to beat. I mean the "army worms." Just back of the farm where Bro. Sam lives I saw 300 acres of blue-grass in one body, owned by one man, that ten days ago was knee high, and "too lovely for anything." Now there is not a sprig left. The whole expanse looks like a Kentucky pasture in August, after a three-months' drought. It was simply sickening. We drove over to see the hands fighting to keep them off a field of corn, that lay contiguous to this ruined pasture. It was a desperate struggle. First a deep furrow, plowed along the side of the field, where the incursion of worms threatened. At intervals of a few yards, holes dug in the bottom of the furrow—with a post-angle—about a foot deep. The philosophy of this, founded on observation and experience, is on this wise. Worms attempting to scale the slope of this entrenchment, baffled by the loose dirt and falling back once or twice, became discouraged and sought along the firm ditch bottom a better point to climb. Crawling, in hot haste, along the floor of the furrow, they tumbled headlong in the holes prepared for them; where they failed to mount the smooth, perpendicular walls, and lay in helpless thousands, till a man with a rammer made short work of them. A very disgusting smash, to be sure, but quite effectual. I think the corn was saved, except one corner, where the voracious creatures had already done their work before discovery. Some of the farmers give up in despair and let them eat. Others fight them to the bitter end, with more or less

success. It is a dreadful visitation, and the cool, cloudy weather has been greatly in their favor, and against the farmers. They are very like the "cut-worm," only not rusty and sluggish, like that corn-destroyer. They march in serried millions, rising out of the ground in unexpected places; going straight ahead; over a house instead of round it, if in their "line of march," and running their course of devastation, disappear as suddenly and mysteriously as they came. The "devil's own," I should call them, for I am sure My God never permitted, or endorsed, or instigated such proceedings against His oppressed creatures, but helps them to the full measure of His LOVE and Power, only hindered in giving perfect deliverance by unbelief, that *bete noir* of our wretched race. This particular scene seems particularly affected with this scourge this year. I have not heard how far they have ravaged elsewhere, and heartily hope never to see the army worm and its diabolical work any more. If I were a "hand" I should have to be paid largely extra to man one of those rammers that inflict the *coup de grace* on the imprisoned worms in the post-holes. It sickens me to remember the little of the massacre I saw.

We are about three miles only from the Cumberland river; and 19 from "The Hermitage," where "Old Hickory" lies buried. It is most too far to go and return in a single day, which we greatly regret. I should like to make a pilgrimage to the tomb of Jackson. He is one of my heroes, though he did many wrong things. But a man who stands for what thinks right "against the world and the rest of mankind," is one in whose presence, God helping me, I will always stand uncovered.

We leave Gallatin with deep regret, because we like the people here so much, on Saturday afternoon for Franklin, Simpson county, Ky., where we begin, God willing, Sunday.

Ever in Jesus, GEO. O. BARNES.

FRANKLIN, SIMPSON CO., KY., May 28.—We left Gallatin, with the old reluctance that Love well knows, on Saturday evening on the Bowling Green accommodation, which, true to name, accomplished the 25 miles between Gallatin and Franklin in one hour and a half, which a little calculation will discover to be an average speed of 16½ miles an hour. But we were not in a hurry and rather enjoyed the leisurely evening stroll by railway. Eight miles from Gallatin we mount a picturesque ridge and pass thro' a tunnel at the top; exchanging blue-grass and the fertile fields around the county seat of Sumner for a broken and comparatively poor stretch of country, that lasts most of the way to Franklin. As we approach the latter place, the farms begin to look better and just round the town everything looks exceedingly thrifty and well kept.

Before leaving Gallatin, and the dear, kind friends there, who treated us most generously throughout, my good friend, J. C. Rodemer, Esq., C. E., took me six miles into the country, behind his brisk stepping blacks, to visit a brother civil engineer, sorely afflicted now, but who, when we met him in Williamsburg, Whitley county, 8 years ago, was the picture of health and manly energy. He helped us pitch the gospel tent; caught fish for us out of the Cumberland, and did what he could to make our stay pleasant. I well remember a sumptuous supper to which we were invited by his chief, Mr. McKenzie, and how all the bachelor mess, that were roughing it, while the bridge over the Cumberland was building, were sorely put to it to "furnish forth" the banquet. Our invalid friend, Mr. Jake Gillespie, caught the fish, of course, and the county was ransacked to get the rest of the dainties that loaded the board. Railway men, like drummers, when they do a thing, do it on a first-class scale, and I well remember that famous supper.

"What tender spring chicken; I must ask you to help me again. Yes, I prefer breast and wing. Thank you!" "Who killed these beautiful partridges. Very delicate, are they not? Another half? Well, I can't refuse. Thanks! A little of the melted butter, please." And so we smirk and carry on, till devils laugh and angels weep, I should think. Poor army worms! I feel humbled and sorrowful as I look at your humane ravages among the grass and young corn; and I pity you, dying by unnumbered thousands at the hands of this noble creature man; who knows God as you do not, and is a high-born "younger son," "a little lower," only, "than the angels." Who can doubt that we live in a devil's world?

I did not even so much as know that there was a Simpson county in Kentucky till we came to Gallatin, and had forgotten that there was a Franklin. "One half the world don't know how the other half lives," they say. And it is true for the most part we "live and move and have our being" in a narrow home-circle, thinking little of the great "outside." Self-centred, in large degree, we are. Perhaps some of the INTERIOR readers are as ignorant as I was, and it may be news to them that Simpson, though geographically small, is quite important, and holds her own bravely in tobacco, small grains and stock raising; and that her county seat is a most attractive town of 2,000 inhabitants, laid out in the old fashion I specially delight in, viz. court-house in the centre of a roomy square; and the four streets surrounding instead of radiating from the building as a hub. The latter plan leaves blind corners, bad for ventilation, as in Lancaster. The

men would be welcomed as a pleasant relief. Ah, me! If the wretched only knew HIM! But they don't and "will not."

We found young Gillespie paralyzed and blind, but cheerful and full of faith that the Great Physician would yet bring him round. It was a pleasure to anoint and pray for such a patient. I do thoroughly believe the dear LORD will cure him. His father is a first-class farmer, and has a fine place, exquisitely kept. Riding back to town, I saw a large field of wheat, with heads beginning to color a little for harvest. The army worms had just been through and were coming out of it, blackening the fence and the road alike with the crawling hordes, seeking fresh pasture. The wheat stalks were stripped clean. Not a waving leaf left.

* No corn, nor blade of grass were seen. Where Alarie and his men had been.

These are the visi-Goths of Summer county, certainly. The farmers all assert that the worms improve the wheat, if they attack it at this stage. They do not touch the flinty stalk, nor the grain in ear. The stripping of the blades sends all the nutriment of the plant, these cultivators say, to mature the head of wheat more perfectly and quickly than without. Bro. Sam Luckey beat his worms thoroughly with hogs, multiplied by borrowing from his neighbors, till they were *quaint, soft*. I was disgusted and indignant with these poor worms, for incommending the farmers, till I got to thinking a bit and then I felt sorry for them. Obeying a law of their being, sent into existence to eat or die; with no malice *prepense* and utterly ignorant of the mischief they were doing; little dreaming how they were putting that nobler creature man to his most strenuous endeavors to quell them, simply chewing on the first thing found, to alay the common torment of appetite; eating only to sustain life, till their time to die should come; poor things! What could they do, coming to life by millions, but eat, eat, whatever they could find?

Come to think of it, what they do—these despised crawlers of the dust—we do in more dreadful variety and measure. We slaughter remorselessly as we go; every step marked with the blood of an innocent victim. Oxen and fatlings; sheep and lambs; fowl of every wing and fish of every fin, flee before the destroyer-man. We kill by the million upon million every day; we maim, of the smaller sort, half as many as we slay; and not simply to "eat that we may live." Too often we "live to eat," instead, and gloat like ghouls over the carcasses of the helpless slain. We cut and "carve and come again," till appetite is surfeited. Think, dear reader, of the poor creatures, who enjoy life in their way as we do; who have a terror of death after their fashion as we have; and to whom the butcher's knife is aggravated by the thrill of agonizing fear that precedes the deadly thrust. Think of the frightened birds that fly in deadly terror before the report of the sportsman's gun; of the rain of shot that brings down some and sends off others mangled, to die alone of fevered wounds. Think of the flocks of domestic fowls, each in turn betrayed to its death by a word of inviting kindness they have learned to know and love and trust. Is it not dreadful? Poor army worms! We are so much worse than you, that one must stop thinking or turn vegetarian. And to think of the horrid seeming necessity of all this; and that we must go on in this degraded condition of semi-cannibalism; preying ever upon the dumb, defenseless weakness of the helpless creatures below us. Who would not cry out for the Great Deliverer to come and put a stop to this carnival of death, if once the sad truth were plainly seen? But habit deadens sensibility and we can even have the heart to smile at each other across the table and say: "Delicious lamb, this, with green peas!" "What tender spring chicken; I must ask you to help me again. Yes, I prefer breast and wing. Thank you!" "Who killed these beautiful partridges. Very delicate, are they not? Another half? Well, I can't refuse. Thanks! A little of the melted butter, please." And so we smirk and carry on, till devils laugh and angels weep, I should think. Poor army worms! I feel humbled and sorrowful as I look at your humane ravages among the grass and young corn; and I pity you, dying by unnumbered thousands at the hands of this noble creature man; who knows God as you do not, and is a high-born "younger son," "a little lower," only, "than the angels." Who can doubt that we live in a devil's world?

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